

GARRY OWEN

An Irish Romance of Love and Horseracing
By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

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CHAPTER I.

Violet Grimshaw was a Massachusetts girl, twenty-two years old, forced by family fortunes to leave her American home and seek a living in Europe.

Thus, in course of time, she came to the old Irish country seat of Drumgoole, as governess for crippled little Effie French.

Mr. Michael French, Effie's father, was a widower. He was also in perpetual financial hot water; hot water from which (and his footman, Moriarty, and his jockey, Andy Meahan) fondly hoped his new colt, Garry-owen, would some day rescue him. For Garry-owen had speed.

To recruit old Drumgoole came Violet. An Englishman named Bobby Dashwood, who was residing at the nearby village of Cloyne, had helped to beguile the last part of her long journey thither. And Effie and Mrs. Driscoll, the Frenches' housekeeper, made her welcome at the end of it.

French that day had just returned from a visit to Dublin, and his first act on reaching home was to go to Garry-owen's stable.

A lovely head was thrust out. It was Garry-owen's. The eye so full of kindness and fire, the mobile nostrils telling of delicate sensibilities and fine feeling, the nobility and intelligence that spoke in every line of that delicately cut head—these had to be seen to be understood.

Garry-owen was more than a horse to Mr. French. He was a friend, and was to pull the family fortunes out of the mire, to raise the family name, to crown his master with laurels.

Garry-owen was French's last card, on which he was about to speculate his last penny. In simpler language, he was to run in the City and Suburban in the ensuing year and to win it.

The other to Mr. French was that in the spring of next year he would have to find five hundred pounds to satisfy the claims of a gentleman named Lewis, and how he was to do this and at the same time bear the expenses of getting the horse to England and running him was a question quite beyond solution at present.

Not only had the horse to be run, but he had to be backed.

French had decided to win the City and Suburban. He wished sometimes now that he had made Punchestown the limit of his desires; but having come to a decision, this gentleman went back on his word.

He would never have so good a chance again of winning a big English race and a fortune at the same time, for Garry-owen was a dark horse, if ever a horse was dark, and a flyer.

The one bright spot in his affairs was the fact that Effie had to be married and that he had to do it.

From Garry-owen's stall French returned to the house, there to meet Dashwood, who had called on Miss Grimshaw.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Dashwood, "but I've made a mistake. I met this young lady as she was coming here. I thought you were a Mr. Michael French. I'm sorry."

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Charity!



By J. H. Cassel

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD

A Siren of the Snows

By STANLEY SHAW

Moriarty, run for a policeman. Take a horse and give a constable at Drumboone. Well, then, what do you mean, eh?—what do you mean, eh?—you blackguard, with your phlanderer? You bubble-headed, bubble-headed son of a black sweep, you! Call yourself an Irish gentleman! Insulting a lady! Miss Grimshaw, say the word, and I'll stick the ugly head of him in the wall and draw him out. "No, no!" cried the girl, taking the words literally. "Perhaps he didn't mean it. I don't think he is quite right. He only wanted to kiss me. He rocked the boat. Perhaps it was only in fun."

"Now listen to me," cried French, "ascertaining every second word with a shake, 'If I ever catch you within five miles of Drumgoole again I'll give you a lambasting you won't get over in a month. That's my last word to you. Off you go!'"

The last words were followed by a most explicit kick that sent Mr. Given racing and running across the bit of sand till he reached the rocks, over which he scrambled, making record time to the mouth of the Devil's Keyhole. Near that spot he turned and shook his fist at his kinsman.

"If he even with you yet, Mick French!" cried Mr. Given.

"Away with you!" replied the threatened one, making as if to run after him, at which the figure of French vanished into the Devil's Keyhole as a hat vanishes up a drain.

French burst into a laugh, in which Miss Grimshaw joined.

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summer; and I'll show you the big cave, finished for the tide will be out by the time we've had a look at the seals. It's not foolin' you I am. The boat's on the beach, and it won't take ten minutes to get there."

"I'll come down and look at the sea," said Miss Grimshaw, who could not resist the appeal of the lovely afternoon, "if you'll wait five seconds till I get my hat."

"Sure, I'd wait five hundred years," replied the cousin of Mr. French, propping himself against the house wall, where he stood whistling away and breaking off every now and then to chuckle to himself, after the fashion of a person who has thought of a good joke or has got the better of another in a deal.

Five minutes later, hearing the girl leaving the house by the front door, he came round and met her.

"This way," said Mr. Given, taking a path that led through the kitchen-garden and round a clump of stunted fir trees to the break in the cliffs that gave passage to the strand. "Now, down by these rocks."

"Why, that's a powerful good road, and I've told Michael time and time again to have it levelled, but much use there is in talking to him, and him with his head full of horses."

"No, thanks. I can get on quite well alone."

"Well, stop careful. Musha, but I was nearly down there myself. Do you know the name they give this creek, the cliffs?"

"No."

"It's the Devil's Keyhole."

"Why do they call it that?"

"Well, you know, you'll know that when you hear the wind blowing through it in winter. It screeches so you can hear it at Drumboone. Do you know that I live at Drumboone?"

"That's it. But do you know where you left Drumboone?"

"No."

"Well, now, by any chance, did you see a bungalow on the right after you left Drumboone?"

"Yes, I did see a bungalow."

"That's mine," said Mr. Given with a sigh. "As nice a house as there is in the country, if it wasn't that I was all alone in it."

"Don't you keep a servant?"

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came distinctly to the boat. The cliff above stretched up, immense, and the crying of the cormorants filled the air and filled the echoes.

Wheeling about the rocks away up, where in the breeding season they had their nests, they seemed to resent the approach of the boat. On a ledge of rock near the cave mouth something dark moved swiftly and then vanished into the sea and was free.

It was a seal.

"I'll take you into the cave to have a look at it," cried Mr. Given, raising his voice to outshout the cormorants. "You won't be at all afraid. The devil's here to-day—it's too fine weather for him."

"Don't go far in," cried Miss Grimshaw, and as she spoke the words the boat, urged by the power, passed into the gloom beneath the archway.

She saw the bottle-green water of the rising and falling swell washing the pillars and the walls from which the seaweed hung in fathom-long ribbons, then they were in almost darkness, and as Mr. Given rested on his oars she could hear the water sloshing against the walls, and now almost to its roof, now blowing the sea out in showers of spray, the horror of it would be for a bold imagination to conceive.

Even to-day, in the best mood, it was not a place to linger in.

"Now I've brought you in," said Mr. Given, his voice finding echoes in the darkness, "and what will you give me to bring you out?"

"Nothing. Turn the boat. I don't like the place. Turn the boat, I say!"

She stamped on the bottom boards, and her voice came back to her ears, and he began rocking the boat from side to side in a boyish and larkly way that literally brought the heart of Miss Grimshaw into her mouth.

"Stop it!" she cried. "We'll be upset. Oh, I'll tell Mr. French. Stop it! Do, please—please stop it!"

"Well, what will you give me if I stop it? Come, now, don't be shy. You know what I mean. What will you give me?"

"Anything you like."

"Then we'll make it a kiss?"

"Yes, anything! Only take me out of this!"

"Two kisses!" asked Mr. Given, pulling in his oars and making to come aft.

"Twenty. Only not here. You'll upset the boat. Don't stand up. You'll upset us!"

"Well, when we get back then?"

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